BLIND ~~BERNEY~~ Barney

Samuel S. Sherman

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every feature. If there were no men to bury, no bills to pay, war would be a popular resource of excitement-seekers; but graves and debts are accompaniments which mock at romantic theories about campaigns and battles.

The prize-fighters whose plans for a grand "sparring exhibition" in Cincinnati were thwarted by the prompt action of the authorities have been looking with considerable confidence toward Mexico. They can hardly consider the outlook encouraging. When the matter was laid before President Diaz he made this comment: "If prize-fighting is too low and brutal for the United States, and is offensive to the best public opinion there, it is too low and too brutal for Mexico. The military forces of this republic will be instructed to arrest every person connected with the proposed fight if found within our territorial limits;" and orders to that effect were promptly transmitted to both civil and military authorities on the frontier.

An interesting temperance measure was presented in the New York Legislature, recently adjourned, but failed of passage. Its purpose was to oblige all saloon-keepers to sell tea, coffee, milk and chocolate as well as intoxicants. The theory of those who drafted it was that many men who seek the saloons for warmth and light and sociability, and drink from a sense of obligation, would be content with temperance beverages, and perhaps prefer them, if they were to be had. The opponents of the bill argued that the saloon-keepers might easily defeat its purpose if they wished by serving tea and coffee of so poor a quality that no one would drink it; but a plan similar to that provided for in the bill has been tried in certain saloons in England, and with considerable success.

Much has been said in the newspapers of late concerning the importance of preserving old letters. The indiscretion of relatives and friends in laying bare private matters has caused many a man and woman to burn manuscript accumulations of great value. A recent instance illustrates the usefulness of a single old letter in certain circumstances. After the death of one who had occupied almost the highest position in the national government, a lawyer wrote to a friend of the deceased statesman, asking if she had preserved any of his letters between certain dates. An effort to set aside the will because of the testator's alleged weakness of mind was afoot. The woman returned a half-dozen letters full of humor, keen observation and common sense. One included the statement, "I am making my

The codes under which the cities and towns will govern themselves were framed by the commission after free discussion with the best class of natives. The suffrage is restricted to men twenty-three years of age, who are owners of two hundred and fifty dollars' worth of property or payers of fifteen dollars in taxes, and can read and write either Spanish or English.

A general school system has been established and more than a million of dollars appropriated for teachers' salaries, four hundred thousand for school buildings, two hundred and twenty thousand for text-books and supplies, twenty-five thousand for a normal school, and fifteen thousand for a trade school in Manila.

The outlook for a satisfactory solution of this difficult problem which the United States has had to face is therefore extremely good. If so much has been done in the face of armed resistance, much greater progress should follow the advent of peace.

A WET MONTH.

THE month of April will long be remembered on account of the extraordinary amount of cloudiness and rainfall which it brought to a large part of the United States. The rivers and streams were swelled even to the point of flood, and many dams and bridges were washed away.

It must have occurred to many persons, as they eagerly peered at the sky for a promise of sunshine, that the saying, "All signs fail in a dry time," should have a wet-weather counterpart. The reason why there is none is obvious.

Drought is more dreaded than a flood, and it is dreaded by the inhabitants of much wider regions. The injuries that result from excess of water, such as the washing out of soil, are long in showing themselves, and are not always easily perceived.

Considerable tracts of this country are overwatered, but the fact is not generally realized. The Secretary of Agriculture, himself an Iowa man, is wont to refer to the number of inches of rain which that state receives as a happy medium between the "too much," which in time exhausts the soil, and the "too little" that makes the arid plains.

In literature the rainfall has long been the symbol of benevolence in nature. For example, in the Old Testament, the books of which were written at a time when Palestine was a fairly well-watered country, the blessing for those who "walk in my statutes and keep my commandments" begins with, "I will give you rain in due season."

Corresponding is the penalty: "I will make

certain transient residents in two or three states which are notorious for easy divorces, when it became known that the Supreme Court of the United States had pronounced invalid two divorce decrees procured by the migratory method.

The cases before the court involved several points, and the laws of more than one state were under interpretation; but the court clearly affirmed the principle that, to make a divorce decree valid, there must be actual residence of the person to whom it is granted within the state where it is issued; also, that what is called "constructive service" of the proceedings upon the absent party, by publication in the local papers, is not sufficient.

These decisions do not establish new principles, but they give the sanction of the highest tribunal to interpretations of the law already made by state courts. In several instances, persons who have acquired a brief and fictitious residence in another state for the purpose of getting a divorce have afterward been convicted of bigamy in the state of their real residence, in spite of such decrees. The national Constitution declares that each state shall give "full faith and credit" to the judicial proceedings of every other state but the courts of Massachusetts, New York and some other states draw the line at divorce decrees procured elsewhere by stealth and by fraudulent practices.

This action is well, so far as it goes, and the Supreme Court decisions fully sustain it; but there can be no real and lasting reform of such abuses short of uniform divorce laws throughout the country, and a rigorous enforcement of them in the interest of society and public morality.

"CANNED SUNSHINE."

AN English scientist has predicted that the valley of the Amazon will be the center of civilization in coming centuries, and that England and Scotland, most of Canada, and all New England, will become hunting-grounds, homes for elk and deer. Taking this as a starting-point, Dr. Edward Everett Hale whimsically demands that the Northern States begin to send their invalid wards to spend the winters in the sunny Southern States, instead of shutting them in close rooms, in gloomy institutions, and warming them with the "canned sunshine" that is stored in coal and wood.

There are obvious difficulties in the way of this amiable design; but, aside from the scientist's prediction and the clergyman's proposition, a curious suggestiveness lurks behind Doctor Hale's words. "Canned sunshine," which comes in

mansion where a dinner-party was to be given, to dress the salads. His salads became the fashion. He was summoned to every large entertainment, and his skill enabled him to charge large sums. He remained in London for a few years, and then, with his savings, returned to France, bought a small estate in Limousin, resumed his rank, and lived comfortably for the rest of his life.

This little story touches upon a vital point of difference between our own and European social habits. No American, whatever his birth or income, feels himself degraded by earning money. The danger on our part is quite different. We are apt to forget that there is high and noble work to be done in the world which does not bring in money. Such work may well be undertaken by men whose income is assured. If more of them would give their time and effort to science or to politics instead of to the amassing of hoards which they do not need, the whole nation would grow stronger and purer.

RELICS WITH A HISTORY.

A RELIC of historic interest occasionally finds its way from Europe to the shores of this country.

A cottage in a Gaelic settlement in North Carolina held for years a pair of embroidered linen sheets, sacred in Jacobite eyes as having been used by Prince Charles Edward when he lodged at the castle of the MacDonalds at the time of his escape from his enemies.

Flora MacDonald, who, under the name of Flora MacIvor, figured as the heroine of Scott's novel, "Waverley," married and emigrated to this country, and brought these sheets with her. They remained in her possession until her death, and she was wrapped in them for burial, as she had previously requested.

A curious story is told of another historical relic which was brought to this country. It is interesting to Americans as illustrative of customs and beliefs so widely different from their own.

The clan MacNab, a warlike and powerful tribe who held an absolute faith in their traditions, lived from the earliest times in the glen of Inch-Buie. One of their traditions was that a holy man, St. Fillan, had come to the glen in the seventh century, converted their ancestors to Christianity, and taught them the arts of civilized life. Among these was the method of grinding corn, St. Fillan having built a mill with his own hands. The pivots of the wheels were kept, and were supposed, when placed in water, to convert it into an infallible medicine.

The crozier used by St. Fillan was kept by one family of the clan. The head of this family always acted as sheriff, and when going through the mountains in search of offenders, took the crozier with him as his warrant. This official was called Dewar, or Wanderer.

In the beginning of the nineteenth century the clan left the glen and scattered, some of the members to the Continent, some to this country.

A few years ago Sir Daniel Wilson, while hunting

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give it as early attention as he can. More than this is a damage to the young contributor whom he would like to befriend. The editor does not necessarily suspect a bad motive in him, but he does necessarily suspect him—whatever show of modesty he makes—of proposing to take the affair out of his hands. This is not a help to the young contributor—in fact, he alone can help himself without some danger of harming himself, and without some risk of rousing the editor's prejudice against him.

THE END.

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STORIES OF AMERICAN POLITICS

II.—BLIND BARNEY.

BY SAMUEL S. SHERMAN.

THE AUTHOR.

ALDERMAN B. J. Ryan, —better known as "Blind Barney" Ryan,—the pride of the Seventh Ward, the pet of "the gang" and the target of every reformer and decent man in politics, was not always of the same party stripe. He changed his politics once, a number of years ago. At the same time he also changed his ward, and made a new beginning in his peculiar methods of securing jobs at the public crib. How he came to start his political life over again is worth telling.

Blind Barney was comparatively young when the affair occurred; he had not then reached the dignity of being a ward "boss;" in fact, he was only the president of a precinct club in the Fifth Primary District of the Twenty-seventh Ward. He was the chosen leader of a crowd of young "roughs," notorious for disregard of law and order. Among their boasted accomplishments were the raiding of polling-places, the stuffing of ballot-boxes and the intimidation of voters. With this gang Blind Barney had broken the law a hundred times with impunity. His rule was the rule of might.

You will wonder how a blind man could be the leader of a crowd of toughs. Barney was a master of the tricks of low politics, and possessed much cunning. If he usually preferred force to *finesse*, it was because force was more natural to him, yet from the time his eyes were shot out in a barroom brawl he had learned to use craft where force availed not.

It is related of Blind Barney that if he wanted to "get even" with some one present in a crowded meeting or caucus, he would reach for the nearest man and ask to be conducted to the person against whom he harbored resentment. If his guide was a stranger to him, he would explain that he wished to be placed right in front of the person he was seeking, and then nudged. When so placed Barney would strike out instantly with his fist, usually landing a frightful blow on his astonished antagonist. He would then appeal to the crowd not to let a blind man be beaten. The method was characteristic.

The Fifth Precinct, in which Blind Barney was a leader, extended in a narrow strip from a street on which are many of the handsomest houses in the city, back through a respectable but much poorer quarter into the heart of the tough district. A few years before, the worse element had outnumbered the respectable people, but this changed with the growth of the city, and at the time Blind Barney conceived the idea of going over to the other political party, the better element far outnumbered his toughs. Yet such was the apathy of the well-to-do people that Blind Barney and his gang had been allowed to dominate the precinct year after year.

But at last there came an awakening in the Fifth Precinct. A gubernatorial election of unusual interest was soon to take place, and one of the candidates at the forthcoming primaries was an upright man of unusual ability, who lived in a neighboring ward. The "machine's" candidate was a native of another part of the state, and the better people of the Fifth District felt that their neighbor should be supported. But the domination of Blind Barney was so complete that it seemed useless for a decent man to try to vote at the primaries.

Late one Saturday afternoon half a dozen young men of the neighborhood fell into talk together while watching a ball game.

"The machine candidate will win in our precinct," said a dry-goods clerk. "Blind Barney rules here. The 'respectable voter,' as usual, seems to think it is the duty of every man except himself to vote. He will do his talking in the newspapers and stay at home on primary days."

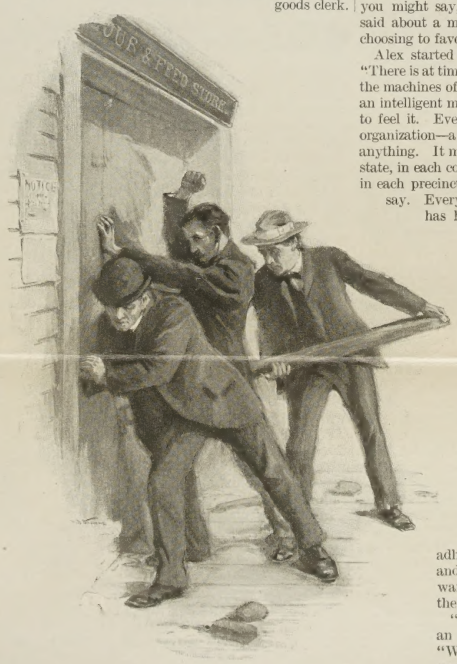
"It makes me indignant," said a shipping-clerk, "to think that the decent people in this district outnumber the Ryan crowd two to one. If a representative vote could once be taken, Blind Barney would think a cyclone had struck him. But people are afraid to vote. A decent man runs a chance of being hit with a brass knuckle or thrown out into the gutter if he goes into the booth with an opposition ticket in his hand. And the police will stand ten feet away and declare they never saw anything. You all know that."

Alex Johnson, a young lawyer, now spoke.

"It seems to me," he said, "that it's about time this precinct was redeemed. There are seven fairly able-bodied men in this party, and each of us knows others who would join us. Suppose we form a vigilance society, or a fair-play club, or something of the kind, and see that everybody gets a chance to vote. It needn't cost us anything except a little work to have the election conducted according to law. If ten or twenty of us, under a leader who won't get frightened, will be at the polls for a few hours on primary day, I guess it won't be much of a trick to see that the primary law is respected."

"I'm with you," said one. "And I," echoed the others.

"And we'll make you president of the club, or captain, or field-marshal—whatever you call it," added the dry-goods clerk.



"THEY BEGAN TRYING TO FORCE OPEN THE DOOR."

"Time enough to pick a leader when we organize," said Alex. "The first thing is to hold a meeting. I want you to come over to my house—say next Tuesday night. There isn't much room there, but the kitchen is of fair size, and I guess we can have it. Bring every one you can get to join. The more people we have, the better—and the less danger."

The meeting, held in the kitchen of the little cottage where Alex lived with his aged mother, proved a great success. Sixteen young men filled all the available chairs and all the sitting space on the cleanly scrubbed kitchen table. Assurances were brought of the active assistance of several more who were unable to attend. It was decided to organize the Fifth Precinct Fair-Play Club. Young Johnson was made president. The secretary of the local candidate for governor sent word he would see that notices were sent to every house in the precinct, promising that every elector should be protected in casting his vote on primary day.

One evening about a week later, three days before the primaries, Alex was hard at work over a law-book and some papers in his little bedroom above the sitting-room, when his mother ushered in a well-known business man and politician, Mr. Merrick, one of the wealthy dwellers in the strip near the water-front.

"I have heard of your good work in politics recently," said Mr. Merrick in the most matter-of-fact manner, "and have come to see if we couldn't fix up a deal of some kind. Do you smoke?" He drew several costly cigars from his pocket case.

"No, thank you."

"Don't smoke? Good for you. It is certainly an expensive and useless habit. But I have formed it. You don't mind if I smoke, do you?"

"Not in the least," said Alex.

Mr. Merrick lighted his cigar with relish, leaned back in his chair comfortably, and opened the matter at hand:

"We have watched you for some time, and I have been much taken with your honest stand in politics. It is desirable that such energetic young men should belong to the party organization, and we have decided to offer you inducements to join—"

"Excuse me, Mr. Merrick," interrupted Alex. "I don't understand exactly to whom your 'we' refers."

Merrick hesitated a trifle. "Well—ah—I am not exactly at liberty to tell you the names of the persons to whom I refer," he said, with a winning smile. "You know how that is. But I represent the machine in the matter, and what I say you may depend upon. We can always 'deliver the goods,' you know."

"But don't you know we are fighting the machine's representative in this precinct?"

"Yes, indeed, that's just the point," smiled Merrick. "That's why you are valuable to us." He sat upright in his chair and laid a finger on Alex's knee. "We want a live young fellow like you from this district for assistant state's attorney. What do you say to joining us and taking the place?"

"Why, that would be downright treachery on my part!" gasped Alex, in astonishment at the proposition.

Merrick laughed delightedly. "Yes, yes, to be sure—political treachery. But in politics everybody looks out for himself. This is merely a factional fight between two wings of our party, you might say, and nothing injurious could be said about a man, even in a political way, for choosing to favor either candidate."

Alex started to reply, but Merrick went on: "There is at times great popular prejudice against the machines of the different parties, but you, as an intelligent man, must surely know better than to feel it. Every political party must have an organization—a machine—if it is to accomplish anything. It must have its lieutenants in each state, in each county, in each city, in each ward, in each precinct—and in each home, you might say. Every man, whether in politics or not, has his own personal machine, built up of his friends in each neighborhood, city and state. He unconsciously builds up his personal machine all his life, and his success or failure as a man is largely determined by it. The party organization is exactly the same, only its creation is more deliberate. I am sure you are not opposed to our machine just because it is a machine."

"Not at all," said Alex. "But we are opposed to the machine's representative in this precinct, because he is a thug and a bully, and will not allow an election to be held fairly. In our club are adherents both of your candidate and the gentleman from the next ward. All we want is fair play in the party."

"Very good," said Merrick, with an air of the utmost confidence. "We will help you to secure for your precinct a fair election, of course. But we want you to work for our candidate instead of the other. You don't have to change your political faith or party, you know. The organization candidate is sure to win in the end, and what you do for him really helps along the party just that much. You work for the party and yourself at the same time. That's the secret of political success. What do you think of it?"

"I think," said Alex, wrathfully, "that your offer is equivalent to bribery, and is an insult. I am astonished that a man of your standing should make it."

Merrick assumed a look of the most pained concern. "Indeed, Mr. Johnson, you entirely misunderstand me. I am not trying to bribe you in the least. Our party, when it has such active and honest young men as you in it, ought to reward them. The managers would be glad to give you a position as assistant state's attorney if you will accept it. Your name will not be on the ticket, you know, since the office is appointive, and the matter will not be public until the state's attorney picks his assistants. All that would be expected of you is that you won't make yourself too troublesome fighting our representatives in your precinct. No harm at all in your going ahead as president of your election club. Only, of course, our men must be elected, or we shall have no offices to give out." His manner was of engaging frankness and matter-of-fact respectability.

Johnson was on the point of ordering his tempter out of the house at once, but he succeeded in holding back his wrath enough to say: "You and I do not look at things the same way, Mr. Merrick. I can see nothing but an insult in your proposition. Why do you not say that Blind Barney Ryan has sent you to buy me off and be done with it? You may be sure your visit will make me the more energetic on the side of right. Good night, sir." He stood up.

Merrick picked up his hat and cane leisurely and then held out his hand to Alex. "Frankly," he said, with his blandest smile, "I admire your stand greatly. But it is a little quixotic and unfair to yourself. When you've thought the matter over calmly, you will better see your duty to yourself. The salary, you must remember, is three thousand dollars a year, and our man will win, no matter how this one precinct goes."

He turned at the front door and lowered his voice to an impressive whisper: "If Blind Barney carries the Fifth Precinct, you will be made assistant state's attorney."

Alex walked back into his room alternately angry and regretful. "He knew how badly mother and I need the salary," he said to himself.

Primary day came. The polling-place of the Fifth Precinct, selected by the machine, was well over in the worst section of the district, in a little one-story building between a railroad freight-house and a huge warehouse belonging to a transfer company. It had doors in front and rear and no windows, but was lighted by a huge skylight which formed the larger part of the roof. The interior contained only one room. The building was used as a feed store and owned by people friendly to Blind Barney, who had chosen it for a polling-place on account of its peculiar construction.

The polls were to open at one o'clock and to keep open until six, but at one o'clock the door was still closed. Inside were Blind Barney and the three election judges. Outside was gathered a considerable throng of people ready to vote, most of them representative respectable people of the precinct. A group of Blind Barney's followers collected in front of a saloon half a block away. The Fair-Play Club, eighteen strong, with President Alex Johnson at its head, stood in a group on the other side of the street.

At half past one o'clock, with no sign of the polls opening, Alex left his associates, walked across the street, and tried to open the door of the polling-booth. It was fastened tight. He knocked and then pounded, but got only laughter from inside as an answer. After demanding in a loud tone that the polls be opened in conformity with the law, he beckoned to several of his men, and they began trying to force open the door.

They had worked for some time, and had succeeded in loosening the door perceptibly when it was suddenly thrown open and Blind Barney stepped out. In each hand he held a revolver, and he was cursing under his breath in a manner peculiar to him in his worst fits of rage. The Fair-Play Club fell back across the street. Blind Barney's toughs moved up to within a couple of hundred yards.

Blind Barney set his back to the door—which was immediately locked behind him—and waved his pistols in a threatening manner. "The first man that tries to go in this polling-place gets a load of lead!" he shouted. A policeman who had been standing a hundred yards down the street turned his back and walked away.

The Fair-Play Club held a consultation. It had little result. Alex Johnson, with two or three chosen followers, reconnoitered the building, and by a long detour reached the alley at the back. The rear door had been nailed up firmly and resisted their utmost efforts. Nothing short of a battering-ram would break it in. They went back and reported, and another consultation was held. They tried frightening Blind Barney away and tricking him by driving a horse close to him, but his supporters kept him advised of what was going on when his wonderfully developed sense of hearing failed to help him.

Voters who had come at the invitation of the Fair-Play Club, on the assurance that they would be given an open poll, began to melt away. Alex and his friends realized that the votes of the three machine judges inside would settle the contest in the precinct if no more were cast. At four o'clock the case looked desperate.

All that day Merrick's words had been ringing in Alex's head: "If Blind Barney carries the Fifth Precinct, you will be made assistant state's attorney." Every moment they kept dinning in his ears and racing through his brain: "If Blind Barney carries the Fifth Precinct, you will be made assistant state's attorney."

Constantly the temptation grew greater. As the hopelessness of breaking into the polling-place without bloodshed increased, the excuses Alex's mind revolved for yielding to Blind Barney grew and became more plausible. He had done his best, short of using force, and it would be easy to abandon the contest. But that he would be within the rights of a citizen in forcibly resisting the monstrous usurpation of Blind Barney was perfectly clear. At five o'clock Alex resolved on action.

Alex asked for volunteers to open the polls, come what might, and four of the Fair-Play Club joined him. He told the other fourteen what to do, and with the four started off down the street toward the city hall. After going a few blocks the five doubled back and made their way in a roundabout manner to the alley at the rear of the polling-place. They went to the big warehouse next to the feed store, and secured permission to open a window and crawl out upon the roof of the polling-place.

Quietly the little band gained the top of the feed store and peered down over the edge of the skylight. Below, in the rear of the store, with

she must prepare enough food to keep them for that time. It would be of no use to try to take the children to the nearest neighbor, fifty miles distant; she would die on the way, and leave the helpless little ones in the cart. The old horse *might* know enough to take them to their destination, but probably he would return home. There was ample flour in the house; she would bake and cook, and fight back death until enough food was prepared to keep the children alive until their father's return.

With feverish haste she ran back to the wood-heap, where she found the snake pinioned under one of the logs she had flung down in her horror. She quickly killed it; then she returned to the kitchen, lighted the fire, put on the camp oven, kneaded up the dough she had prepared overnight, and put the loaves in the oven. Then she prepared other batches of bread, and placed them in the warmth to rise. Every few minutes a horrible drowsiness came over her, but she resolutely fought it down. She must do her work, and death must be forced to wait until it was done.

The children awoke and called for "mamma." She attended to their little wants in a kind of dream. Every now and again she would sway and nearly fall, but always with a strong effort of will she would shake off the fatal coma and address herself to some new task.

The water used in the house was drawn from a well near by; a supply must be secured and placed within reach of the children, the horses must be taken from their own paddock and put in the one where the sheep were grazing, within reach of the great clay water-tank. Little Mora, the eldest of the four children, was trained to take care of the younger ones when mamma should have "gone to sleep." Thus the day passed in ceaseless activity, and the evening found the mother still alive.

Only once had she fallen into the comatose state which precedes death from snake-bite, and she was roused from this stupor by little Mora, whom she had bidden not to let mamma sleep for one moment, and by the screams of the younger children. She had fallen asleep, and down like one distracted until the heaviness partly left her.

Even now, when night had come, and the children were peacefully sleeping, she did not dare to lie down lest she should never rise again. She looked round with intense satisfaction on the pile of loaves she had baked; at least her babies would not starve. Then hope began to dawn. If she had lived through the day, might she not recover? Then a dim recollection came of having heard that if one could ward off the deadly coma until the snake poison was worked out of the blood, life might be saved.

Spurred by this hope, she went out and passed the night walking up and down. The morning found her weak and weary, but alive and hopeful. When the sun rose she awoke the children, and they cried out to her: "O mamma, don't go to sleep! Please don't!" "I'm so scared! Please don't go to sleep!"

Tears of joy and hope filled the mother's eyes as she kissed them, saying, "I won't go to sleep at all. I will stay with you all the time till father comes home." And so it proved. Mrs. Morgan did not die. Her mother-love, which had first stimulated her to action, had saved her life. Love conquered death.

YOUNG CONTRIBUTORS AND EDITORS

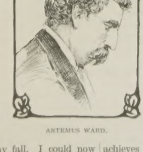
By William Dean Howells

In Two Parts.—Part Two.

DURING the last year of my life in Columbus I had not failed to write a novel. It was high time that I should have done so, and having written it, I had no thought but to risk my fate with it in an offer to the *Atlantic*.

My novel was expanded, or rather continued, from a sketch which I had written a year or two before while still in my village at home, and which I had offered to the *Knickerbocker Magazine*. It had never been accepted, it had never even been rejected; in fact, I got no word from the editor about it, and after several trials could get none. I could only suppose, from his resolute silence, that he did not want it. So I made it the first chapter of my novel, and confidently sent it with the rest to the *Atlantic*. In due season the manuscript was returned to me, but after such a long season that I had time to form hopes of its acceptance.

The editor, or rather the assistant editor who had been to me by the assistant editor who had rejected my hexameters), wrote me a very kind letter in which he regretted that they did not find it suitable, but said he regretted it the less because he observed that in the current number of the *Knickerbocker* the first chapter of the story had appeared. He seemed to think that the rest of it was going to appear in the *Knickerbocker*, but this by no means followed. The fact, however, that the first chapter had been accepted by the *Knickerbocker* and printed somehow broke my fall. I could now always say to myself that if this had not happened, the *Atlantic* might have been induced, perhaps by my long continuing, to print the novel, after I had given it the revision which I promptly set about.



ARTEMUS WARD.

I am sure that I did not offer the *Knickerbocker* the opportunity of going on with the novel of which it so tacitly approved by printing its opening chapter. When, a year later, I met the editor of the *Knickerbocker Magazine*, I certainly had the curiosity to ask him how it had happened that this chapter should have been published without his in any wise communicating with me. He was then the latest in a rapid succession of *Knickerbocker* editors, and he told me that when he had come to the charge of the magazine he had found my manuscript in a barrel of manuscripts which had not been passed upon by his predecessor, and he liked it so much that he printed it at once. I represented to him as strongly as I could the ill turn he had done me, and I so wrought upon him that he asked, with well-feigned astonishment, if I had not yet been paid for it. I said that I had not, and he said that the check should be sent me immediately. The check was not sent immediately, nor ever.

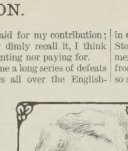
When I again met him he remembered the fact with much more enthusiasm than I could have expected. I was about sailing for my consular post in Venice, and he made a note of my address in New York, so that he might send it to me at my boarding-house that very afternoon. As the sum he proposed to pay me was fifteen dollars, I cannot to this day understand why he should not have paid me then and there; but it may not have been etiquette for him to do so, or it may be that the exchequer of the *Knickerbocker Magazine* was at that moment so low that it had not even fifteen dollars in it. I inclined to this view because every shortly afterward the magazine perished of pecuniary inanition.

Perhaps I have told all this before somewhere else. One is apt to tell one's storied over as one grows in years, even when they are true stories. I shall make an end of it here by saying that I still have the manuscript of that ill-fated novel by me, and that after a lapse of forty years I do not find it unreadable, where finding it in some old barrel of manuscripts and printing it as abruptly as the editor of the *Knickerbocker* printed the first chapter. Every four or five years I used to get it out and look at it and fancy that I saw some good in it. Perhaps there is a sort of good in it—the involuntary sort which a young writer achieves by being helplessly faithful to the fact. But my present impression of it is that it is full of all sorts of literary affectations, intended to disguise or decorate the honest and helpless simplicity of the material. Frankly, if I were an editor I should not now accept it as it stands, and I should not advise any other editor to do so.

Artemus Ward's Acceptance.

CONTEMPORANEOUS with this experience was an amusing one with the famous Artemus Ward, who was then the editor of a comic newspaper printed in New York. He took some sort of contribution of mine for *Vanity Fair*, and promised, like the editor of the *Knickerbocker*, to send me the pay for it before I sailed. He enhanced my pleasure in the prospect by proposing to send me so many ducats instead of dollars, but in the end he did not even make it dollars. Eventually, he no more printed than paid for my contribution; and honestly, as I now dimly recall it, I think it was worth neither printing nor paying for.

There now began for me a long series of defeats at the hands of editors all over the English-speaking world. I went to Venice, and as I had hardly anything more to do there than to work the smoke out of the seals of my despatches to the State Department, I applied myself diligently to literature. My ill luck did not begin at once: in fact, the first poem which I sent home to the *Atlantic Monthly* was accepted by the editor with a flattering letter of acknowledgment, and printed after no very long delay. The delay was not so long as the poem, which occupied five pages of the magazine, and was in the kind of hexameters which I had studied how to write in their English and German forms. Then even came from America some kindly newspaper notices of the poem, and for a while I sent contributions to editors with the gaiety of heart which its success infused. The gaiety passed, but not the courage, as they began to return to me. They returned from London as well as from Boston and from New York.

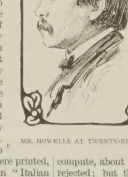


MR. E. H. STODDARD.

A Chapter of Rejections.

I BEGAN to think now that my part was all rejection; and so it was from the *Atlantic Monthly*, where I had once been so fortunate. But the continuous tale of evil fortune was broken by the acceptance of a poem at the office of *Harper's Magazine*, which was printed in that periodical with an illustration which my wife had made for it. And when another contribution with other illustrations by her hand was declined, the editor kindly wrote me that if he had been making the magazine for his own pleasure he should certainly have printed this. The very curious reader may be interested to know that this contribution now forms a chapter in my "Italian Journeys," called "A Visit to Petrarch's House at Arqua," and that the poem which the *Atlantic* printed was "Louis Lebeau's Conversion."

I really forget what the pieces were which the London editors rejected. Most of them have since been printed, and those that have not been printed were hardly worth the printing. While I was writing them I was also writing the sketches which became "Venetian Life." I sent the first of these to the *Atlantic Monthly*, by which they were rejected; and I am now able to soothe that ancient hurt to my vanity by the belief that they were rejected not only because the editor had not read them, but because he could not. They were written in such pale ink, upon such transparent paper, that no warmth of sympathy could have brought out the characters. Afterward I sent them as letters to the Boston *Advertiser*, where they were printed, and where some of the material in "Italian Journeys" was also printed.



MR. HOWELLS AT TWENTY-EIGHT.

My disappointments from my many failures were all the more sickening because they came in each case after an interval of hope deferred. It took weeks at the earliest to hear from them, and months at the latest, and it was usually months before I heard. In that long twilight there was a gleam of success through the kindness of my old friend, Rev. Edward Everett Hale, who stood sponsor for a poem of mine which he sent to the New York *Ledger*. There came another gleam—a gleam? A dayspring indeed, a full day!—when Lowell took a critical paper from me for the *North American Review* and wrote me a lovely letter of acceptance; but this was toward the end of my stay in Venice.

I dropped in London on my way home and passed a miserable month trying to get a publisher for "Venetian Life." There another old and kind friend of mine, M. D. Conway, enclosed some poems of mine to the *Fortnightly Review*. They came back with a very civil letter, but they came back. Except in the instance already mentioned, I have never had any success through the endeavors of friends in my behalf—in fact, I have never allowed myself any such help, except in one instance, and then it wholly failed. This was when I went with still another old and kind friend, Edward H. Stoddard, to the editor of *Harper's Magazine*, and personally witnessed the editor's distress and embarrassment in declining the poem before my face, which Mr. Stoddard offered him for me, with an indorsement that ought to have procured its acceptance from all the magazines in Christendom, it was so sweeping.

REV. E. E. HALE ABOUT 1870.

I should be at a loss how to account for the fact that while magazine editors were so actively rejecting my contributions everywhere, I should have been employing my desperate leisure in getting my poems together in a volume which I meant to try having published. I profited by a visit from Mr. Conway in Venice to get him to send them to a London publisher, who declined to issue them at his own risk, but gave the figures for which he would issue them at mine. The figures were not great, but they were beyond the means of a poet who had only fifteen hundred dollars a year as consul; and I kept them by me five or six years longer before I found a more daring publisher.

In the meantime I had returned to America, and after many vicissitudes in New York, had become the assistant editor of the *Atlantic Monthly*. I was then, I felt, surely in the way of having all my contributions accepted by that magazine, but to my no small surprise, the very first was declined by my chief. He offered indeed to print parts of it, and I cannot wonder now that he was not willing to print it all, for it was very long and would have filled some ten or twelve pages of the magazine. I rather wonder that the editor of the *Galaxy*, then glittering in the literary firmament of New York, did accept it and print it all; not only did he print it all, but the editor of the *Broadway Magazine*, then newly started in London, stole it all, and after Anglicizing a few passages for the English market, reprinted it all and suppressed my name.

This was practically the end of my experience as a young contributor. It extended over a matter of fifteen years, and I wish to testify that in all that time I had such constant kindness from editors, whether they accepted or whether they rejected, that I can now recall but one instance in which I was cruelly snubbed. This was in the case of a New York newspaper which had then a greater literary authority than it has now, and which returned my poem without even a word from the editor, without even the grace of the usual printed letter of thanks and regrets.

I now think that perhaps I deserved this snub, for in sending my contribution I had proclaimed that I was a contributor to the *Atlantic Monthly*, and as had unduly tried to influence his opinion. In all other cases the editors wrote kind or, at least, civil letters, and in several cases they gave me good reasons for not accepting my material. When they could accept it, I think they had as much pleasure as they gave me.

As nearly as I can compute, about one-half the things I sent were rejected; but this did not stay me. I kept sending them to one magazine or one paper after another, till somewhere, somehow they were accepted, and only one considerable manuscript of that time—the novel of which I have spoken—now remains on my hands. There were, to be sure, two or three poems of which I have since tried to think sensibly, but which I would not trust myself now to find if I could lay hand on them, I am so much afraid I should print them.

A Bit of Counsel.

AT the end I suppose it will be expected that I shall address some sort of counsel to the young contributor. The best counsel I can give him is to trust to himself and to his manuscript with the editor. As I have said and shown, the help of friends avails little or nothing. In my own case it availed but once, for I only suffered friends to try it three times for me. I have myself tried it scores of times for others, with as few successes as they have made no impression on my memory. I am sure that none of these few successes can be attributed to what the young contributor fondly believes is the influence of a better known author with editors.

There is no such influence; in fact, I think—and here I can speak from my own experience as well as from observation—an editor rather resents the endeavors of any one but the author to interest him in a manuscript. It is so distinctly his affair and his alone, or his and the contributor's, that no one may justifiably interfere in it.

At the very last, now, I may modestly suggest that the thing sent is worth looking at, and modestly insinuate the hope that the editor will

their feet on the table, sat the judges, smoking and laughing. In front of them lay the ballot-box, with four ballots in it. Huge bins filled with corn, oats and meal reached half-way to the roof. Almost under the center of the skylight was a pile of ground feed ten feet high.

"Come on, boys!" cried Alex. He took a rapid run across the roof and jumped into the center of the skylight. Crash! In a halo of broken glass, putty and splintered sash, Alex alighted on top of the feed pile and sank almost to his neck. He had scarcely time to roll out of the way as the others came plunging after him.

Out of the ground feed tumbled five apparitions of dirty white, and made a combined rush on the front door. The key was in the lock, and the next moment Blind Barney, revolvers, followers and all landed in the middle of the road. On the way Barney's revolvers were knocked from his hands, and when he knew what had happened he was sitting in the gutter with his hat jammed over his ears. The detachment of the Fair-Play Club left behind filed quickly in between the five who had captured the polling-place and the group of Blind Barney's supporters who hurried up. There was no trouble.

"Gentlemen," said Alex, wiping the flour off his face, "these polls are now open."

The Fair-Play Club voted, along with a few others, and their votes carried the day for decency by a handsome margin.

Alex went home that night white on the outside and sternly glad within. He had won—but what next? Business had been unusually dull, and his old mother needed many little comforts. His pocketbook was empty. He had thrown away a position worth three thousand dollars a year. The outlook was grim, but he was glad. "In all the crowd that cheered me," he told his mother, "not one imagined the size of the victory."

A note reached Alex about noon the next day, written on the letter-paper of the big law firm of Dennis, Jones & Dunton, and signed with the firm name. It said:

"Dear Sir: We have known of Mr. Merrick's visit to you, and have watched with great interest the political activity in the Fifth Precinct of the Twenty-seventh Ward. We are in need of the services of a young lawyer of promise, and if you should care to accept a position with us, we hope to be able to make the terms satisfactory to you. We should be glad to see you at your earliest convenience and talk the matter over with you."

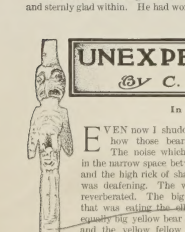
Not long after, Blind Barney moved to another ward,—where he could carry his precinct,—and he changed his politics. Owing to the prevailing apathy of many respectable voters, he is an alderman now, as very one knows. Although his character has not changed, his methods are less outrageous than formerly.

As for Alex Johnson, if his real name were told, you would know at once the facts of his later career. He is the lead all over the country some day in a biography of a great man. And this story will be told with them.

UNEXPECTED SPORT

By C. A. Stephens

In Two Parts.—Part Two.



EVEN now I shudder to think how those bears growled! The narrow which they made in the narrow space between the ice and the high rick of shattered trees was deafening. The whole gorge reverberated. The big gray bear that was eating the elk dodged the cubs, big yellow bear to come on, and the yellow fellow seemed inclined to accept the challenge. And there I stood between them!

But it would be a mistake to suppose that I stood there long—no, I did not remain three seconds! As it seemed possible to scale the tree rick opposite my hiding - place, I made a dash for it, sprang up, caught hold of a projecting log, and struggled to gain the top.

To climb a rick that overhangs at the upper edge is most difficult. One log gave way under-foot, and several smaller branches broke; but I grabbed frantically at others and ascended regardless of scratches. At one moment I thought the whole mass would topple over against the ice; but at last I surmounted it and found myself in a tangle of branches and logs, on which I made my way by hard work for several hundred feet, until I gained foothold on the ledges of the mountain.

There I stopped to listen. The bears were still challenging; apparently they had not yet begun actually to fight. My hasty flight seemed to have been regarded by them as of no consequence. A large elk in the paw was better than a small mark in the bush.

But one or both might suddenly remember me! At this fear I hurried along the loose slide of stones and gravel at the foot of the mountain, till I got down where the valley widened. Soon afterward I reached the cleared track, then the pond. From this point I ran to the log house, and met Professor Thorpe just coming out to call me to breakfast.

"Why? What?" said he. "You look out of breath. Your face is scratched! Been running? Seen game?"

"Game!" I exclaimed. "Rather! If two bears as big as rhinoceroses are the kind of game you have here in your Happy Hunting-Grounds! Nice place, this, for a morning walk!"

"Black bears?" queried the professor, calmly.

"No, sir; grizzlies!" I exclaimed. "Monsters!"

"Why, this is interesting," said the professor, regarding me curiously. "Did they offer any incivility?"

"I didn't wait to see," said I. "Let me indoors, please. I'm not going out again—if I can help it!"

"You really seem a little upset," remarked the professor. "But take a cup of coffee and tell us about it."

While taking coffee I told my story, which fired Denison and young Thorpe with a desire to set off hunting at once.

"Come on!" cried the latter. "Let's get them both. Where's that forty-five carbine and the long cartridges?"

The professor took a carbine. Watson took another, and old Skookum, being called in from the outhouse which had been assigned him as a sleeping-place, was also armed.

"Now show us the way," Denison exclaimed to me. "Show us your track."

"Certainly," I said. "Go right out past that little pond, then up the gorge to the foot of the glacier, then keep on up that lane between the ice and the tree rick. The bears were there when I left. You can't miss them if they have not departed."

"Well, but won't you go with us?" Professor Thorpe exclaimed.

"Not if you will excuse me," I said. "Those bears were very large. I will stay here and think respectfully of them."

"Oh, now!" cried Denison. "We will bowl them over easily."

"Well, bowl away," said I. "I'll keep house while you're bowling."

But my hints fell on deaf ears, and urging me to go with them.

"You really must come," Denison declared, "and show us how far to go up that 'lane'!"

"I wouldn't ride it again for a thousand dollars!" I protested. "But I might pilot you around by the way I escaped, to the top of the rick, where you can look down and shoot the bears."

Professor Thorpe reflected on this suggestion for a few moments; then he said, "Watson and the Indian and I will go up the gorge to ambush the bears if they come down, while you three young men can go to the top of the tree rick." And so the plan of campaign was arranged.

My trail was not difficult to follow, for I had literally broken my way out through the dry brush, yet it took us half an hour to reach the edge of the rick, near the glacier. We looked down into the open gap, but no bear was to be seen. Only the fresh bones of the elk were visible, scattered along the path.

After fifteen or twenty minutes of reconnoitering, we climbed down into the lane beside the glacier, and started up it for several yards or more—but we found no bears. Then we went back down the path and shouted to Professor Thorpe and Watson. They came up to us, and reported no bears. But for the freshly gnawed bones my story would look impossible.

After some talk we followed the path past the bones and onward up the gorge for half a mile or more, pursuing a well-trodden trail which at last led us across the glacier, at a point where the ice-sheet filled a gulf between cliffs, and entered among large rocks on the farther side.

My hunter boots were all in advance of me here. I was still picking my way over the fissures in the ice, and the last man of them had gone out on the rocks, when, down at the end up the long, icy incline, I saw the yellow bear crossing the ice stream, three or four hundred yards farther up. He was moving leisurely, and if he had seen or scented us he was not hurrying himself on that account.

At four hundred yards I could hardly hit a house, I suppose; but I had borrowed a carbine, and now resolved to shoot for good form's sake. My aim was nervous, for I knew the long cartridges in the gun would cause the piece to kick—as it did, and nearly broke my collar-bone!

But I happened to hit the bear—there was no doubt of that. He uttered a yell, whirled round and came toward me, with shambling leaps across the crevices in the ice.

I ran for the rocks where I had just seen the last of my party disappear. It was their business, not mine. But the ice was very slippery, and I had not gone many yards when my feet flew from under me and I went down on the back of my head—crack! While I was still seeing stars, I slid aside and went headlong into a crevice three or four feet wide and six or seven feet deep.

I was more dazed than hurt. It was some seconds before I saw that my gun had dropped farther down than I in the narrowing fissure, and was out of reach. I looked up, wondering if the bear could reach me. He must be near by, I thought, and I could fancy him reaching a huge claw down for me and pulling me up; but just as I felt sure my fate was sealed, I heard carbines cracking, and then a horrible roaring close by. The bear was yelling from pain or rage, and I could hear his claws clack on the ice as he ran. Then another shot was fired.

"He's down!" I heard Denison shout. "He's done for! But—where's Adams?"

"We surely heard him fire close by here!" exclaimed the professor.

I lay still. I wished to be sure of the bear's death before answering from a crack so near him. After I heard two more shots fired into him as he lay, I thought it would be well to rise to the shouts of "Adams! Adams! Where are you, Adams?" that were vociferated. My friends pulled me out, laughing heartily, and I was never able to convince them that I had fallen in there accidentally.

Meantime the bear, in his death-kicks, had slid into a shallow crevice, and we were obliged to pull him out with nothing better than a pole that we cut in the woods, on which we left a strong knot near the large end to serve as a hook. By fixing this in the bear's jaw, we five men were barely able to slide the carcass out upon level ice.

The Indian was then told to remove the hide, which weighed more than one hundred pounds, I thought. As for the entire carcass, the professor thought it might weigh one thousand pounds. From the yellowish tint of the beast's coat, we concluded that it must be a "cinnamon" bear.

I had been considerably shaken by my fall, and as I had wrenched my right ankle somewhat, walking was painful, and I fell behind the others on our way back. Just in front of me were Watson and Skookum carrying the hide on a pole. While descending the gorge, half a mile above the place where I had first seen the bears, the Indian noticed a mark on the rock, stopped and spoke to Watson. They put down their burden. The Indian glanced at the ground, then at a little gap in the thickets, and went cautiously in out of sight. Immediately he came out on tiptoe, with excitement visible on his brown visage, and I began edging off.

"Hear 'im snore?" he said to me.

"Snore!" whispered Watson. "What, a bear?"

Skookum nodded. "You go hear? He 'way in deep," he said to me. "He snore."

"I'll take your word for it," said I. Watson hallooed. Immediately the professor and his younger companions came hurrying back, their boots making an annoying noise.

"Where is the bear?" said Denison.

"For goodness' sake, be quiet!" I cautioned. "Why can't you let a poor creature sleep? Suppose he comes rushes out at us?" But they laughed at my humane feelings.

The Indian indicated where the bear was probably sleeping, and first Denison, then young Thorpe, and then the professor entered stealthily between the rocks.

"He's there, sure enough, I think," the professor said on emerging. "It's a dark sort of hole, half-hidden under a mass of stones and brush; but there is some large animal asleep in there."

"Yes, he is having no end of a snooze!" whispered Denison, stealing out. The Indian, much excited, went in again, but backed out as cautiously as if treading on eggs. "He smell at me," said he. "Maybe he soon come!"

With that I made for the foot of a tall rock a few rods down the trail, and the others, retiring a few steps, cocked their guns. For some time they listened, but as they did not detect any movement, the Indian stole in once more, and returned to say that the beast was snoring again.

"We shall have to rout him out," said Denison.

"Wait," said the professor. He drew forth a cigar, broke it up, and rolled the stuff in a hand-kerchief long with the Indian's aid.

"Light that and throw it into the hole," he said to Skookum, and after a doubtful look around, the Indian struck a match.

I made haste to climb my rock; it was about ten feet high, and I should never fit, well I did not like to seem to desert my party. "You had all better be careful," I said. "If that's the bear I saw, it is a grizzly that could kill four men with one stroke of his paw! There's room up here. Grizzlies don't climb well."

"You are very hospitable," said the professor; but he only backed away from the hole a little farther, and stood on guard with the others.

Still the bear did not appear. Tobacco smoke failed to rouse him, and Denison proposed to burn fir boughs. Accordingly, they cut off several armfuls, which the Indian piled at the mouth of the den. When these took fire they burned fiercely, with a tremendous crackling, and in the midst of the racket we heard a snort. Out rushed the bear, his hair smoking and with bits of burning boughs clinging to it!

The beast was evidently terrified. At one bound he cleared the thicket, and would have run away if he had been let alone. Everybody fired except myself; I was willing he should go, for he was the bear I had first seen that morning, and literally he was as big as an ox!

On he went, down the path; all gave chase except the Indian and myself. Soon we heard a shout, then a shot and a frightful roar; the next moment the professor came back, barehanded, running as if to make first base on a short ground-line. Denison was close behind. The bear was coming after them, not fifty feet away, his mouth wide open. I moved up to the highest point of my rock.

"Adams! Adams!" they cried. "Shoot him, Adams!"

"Fire, Skookum!" I shouted; but Skookum was running to get behind a rock. I must do something! So I fired at the bear—and never touched him! But the blast of powder-smoke caused him to pull up short. He rose on his hind legs, tall as a pile-driver, and looked at me unkindly. I felt sure he meant to haul me off the rock, but Skookum fired at the instant and the bear fell backward, rolling over and tearing at its throat. Straightway I contrived to send a slug through its vitals.

Denison and the professor came back to us, panting heavily, and we all went in haste down the path to look for Watson and young Thorpe, thinking it probable that they had been injured. In answer to our shouts, Thorpe replied from high up on the glacier upon which he had judiciously clambered, and Watson came grinning from a thicket.

"No wise hunter stands in the way of a grizzly, unless he must," said the professor.

This was a true grizzly bear, *Ursus horribilis*, and one of the very largest ever reported. His teeth and claws were terrifying, and his iron-gray coat very thick and rich. The Indian took off

"HE ROSE ON HIS HIND LEGS, TALL AS A PILE-DRIVER, AND LOOKED AT ME UNKINDLY"

the skin, and Denison and I packed it to camp. It was heavier than the other hide.

We pegged out both skins that afternoon on the roof of the store camp, and then measured them carefully with a rule. The skin of the grizzly was nine feet and seven inches in length, from the end of the nose to the roots of the tail. At the fore shoulders and over the rump, including the paws, the breadth was about eight feet and five inches, and the entire superficial surface of the hide, as nearly as we could compute it, was sixty-five and a quarter square feet.

Measured in the same way, the hide of the big cinnamon contained not far from sixty-one square feet.

This was my first and last bear hunt. I do not pretend to have acquitted myself with credit, but the reader will surely admit that the bears were large for an inexperienced person to encounter.

In conclusion, I may add that we remained at the Hunting-Grounds for five days, and shot an elk and a mountain-goat, but no more bears. On our return down the river I got a peck or more of the garnets and purchased two totem-poles.

THE YOUTH'S COMPANION
AN ILLUSTRATED FAMILY PAPER
ESTABLISHED IN 1827
PUBLISHED WEEKLY AT 201 COLUMBUS AVENUE BOSTON, MASS.

CURRENT TOPICS.

Detroit will soon celebrate the two hundredth anniversary of its founding by Cadillac. Eastern people are apt to forget that there is so old a city in the West. In the story of the settlement and progress of Detroit much is revealed of the history of "the Northwest under three flags."

What sort of a halo ought an Alaskan saint to wear? A mission worker thinks that the frost and ice encompassing the face and head of a missionary bishop, when he appeared to make his expected visit at Circle City, constituted the kind of a halo appropriate to sainthood in that region.

A railroad accident near Boston the other day was marked by one unusual incident. A freight-engine was derailed, and an injury to the steam-dome caused the whistle to blow for half an hour. As the pressure went down and the long scream grew fainter and finally died away into silence, it needed no great stretch of the imagination to endow the battered monster lying there on his side with personality and sentient being, and in the long shriek of the whistle to hear his death-cry.

Noiseless baseball, as distinguished from the game played largely with the lungs, may not be so far distant as it seems to many despondent lovers of a sportsmanlike game. A graduate publication, representing a well-known college, declares that the adoption of a noiseless game would do more good to that institution than winning the championship. The campaign motto of a baseball nine ought to be, "Give an opponent every opportunity to do his best—and then beat him!" A rowdy may resort to barbaric yells as a means of defeating an antagonist, but a gentleman is bound to refrain from debasing methods of gaining a triumph.

All shining buttons, buckles and ornaments are to be dispensed with in the new military uniform for German forces. A grayish brown cloth will be used for coat, trousers and cap. War without glitter will be less fascinating as the years go by, and that is well. Nothing ought to disguise its real significance. Only the patriotic sense of duty will make men engage in war when it shall have been stripped of its romance, and when its deadly purpose shall be written in every feature. If there were no men to bury, no bills to pay, war would be a popular resource of excitement-seekers; but graves and debts are accompaniments which mock at romantic theories about campaigns and battles.

The prize-fighters whose plans for a grand "sparring exhibition" in Cincinnati were thwarted by the prompt action of the authorities have been looking with considerable confidence toward Mexico. They can hardly consider the outlook encouraging. When the matter was laid before President Diaz he made this comment: "If prize-fighting is too low and brutal for the United States, and is offensive to the best public opinion there, it is too low and too brutal for Mexico. The military forces of this republic will be instructed to arrest every person connected with the proposed fight if found within our territorial limits;" and orders to that effect were promptly transmitted to both civil and military authorities on the frontier.

An interesting temperance measure was presented in the New York Legislature, recently adjourned, but failed of passage. Its purpose was to oblige all saloon-keepers to sell tea, coffee, milk and chocolate as well as intoxicants. The theory of those who drafted it was that many men who seek the saloons for warmth and light and sociability, and drink from a sense of obligation, would be content with temperance beverages, and perhaps prefer them, if they were to be had. The opponents of the bill argued that the saloon-keepers might easily defeat its purpose if they wished by serving tea and coffee of so poor a quality that no one would drink it; but a plan similar to that provided for in the bill has been tried in certain saloons in England, and with considerable success.

Much has been said in the newspapers of late concerning the importance of preserving old letters. The indiscretion of relatives and friends in laying bare private matters has caused many a man and woman to burn manuscript accumulations of great value. A recent instance illustrates the usefulness of a single old letter in certain circumstances. After the death of one who had occupied almost the highest position in the national government, a lawyer wrote to a friend of the deceased statesman, asking if she had preserved any of his letters between certain dates. An effort to set aside the will because of the testator's alleged weakness of mind was afoot. The woman returned a half-dozen letters full of humor, keen observation and common sense. One included the statement, "I am making my will, and endeavoring so to draw it as to leave no loophole for litigation." As the attorney for the opponents of the will came to this sentence in the letter he spread out his hands. "I shall tell my clients," he observed, "that their efforts are entirely futile."

"The fastest nation on earth" has been the United States, but both English and German engineers are planning electric railways now, with which to contest that distinction. *The Companion* has already mentioned the projected line between Manchester and Liverpool which is expected to cover the distance, thirty-four miles, in twenty minutes, or at the rate of more than a hundred miles an hour. The German design is to connect Berlin and Hamburg, one hundred and fifty-six miles apart, with an electric railway, at a cost of thirty-three million dollars; to isolate the tracks, eliminate grade crossings and switches, and run a train every six minutes at a speed of one hundred and twenty-five miles an hour. Railroad men have long debated which was cheaper, steam or electricity, as a motive power for fast trains covering considerable distances. The German experiment may throw some light on this question—that is, provided the scheme itself does not run off the track, as such large designs sometimes do.

TRUTH.

Truth is within ourselves; it takes no rise
From outward things, whate'er you may believe.
Robert Browning.

WORKING OUT THE SOLUTION.

EVEN before word came of the capture of Aguinaldo, which was followed by his taking an oath of allegiance and issuing a manifesto counseling his people to lay down their arms, readers of the daily news knew that conditions in the Philippines were steadily improving.

It is possible now to say that organized resistance to the United States in the islands has ceased; but that is only a negative way of putting the matter, and in the face of so much that is positive, it is inadequate. The Taft commission was working steadily to establish civil government even while the sporadic fighting was going on, and now that hostilities have ceased, civil government is a fact. The civil authority superseded the military on the fifteenth of this month.

Although the fifty thousand soldiers now in the archipelago may have to remain for some time, their duties will be those of a police force, and their efforts largely directed to enforcing the will of the Filipinos themselves.

The codes under which the cities and towns will govern themselves were framed by the commission after free discussion with the best class of natives. The suffrage is restricted to men twenty-three years of age, who are owners of two hundred and fifty dollars' worth of property or payers of fifteen dollars in taxes, and can read and write either Spanish or English.

A general school system has been established and more than a million of dollars appropriated for teachers' salaries, four hundred thousand for school buildings, two hundred and twenty thousand for text-books and supplies, twenty-five thousand for a normal school, and fifteen thousand for a trade school in Manila.

The outlook for a satisfactory solution of this difficult problem which the United States has had to face is therefore extremely good. If so much has been done in the face of armed resistance, much greater progress should follow the advent of peace.

A WET MONTH.

THE month of April will long be remembered on account of the extraordinary amount of cloudiness and rainfall which it brought to a large part of the United States. The rivers and streams were swelled even to the point of flood, and many dams and bridges were washed away.

It must have occurred to many persons, as they eagerly peered at the sky for a promise of sunshine, that the saying, "All signs fail in a dry time," should have a wet-weather counterpart. The reason why there is none is obvious.

Drought is more dreaded than a flood, and it is dreaded by the inhabitants of much wider regions. The injuries that result from excess of water, such as the washing out of soil, are long in showing themselves, and are not always easily perceived.

Considerable tracts of this country are overwatered, but the fact is not generally realized. The Secretary of Agriculture, himself an Iowa man, is wont to refer to the number of inches of rain which that state receives as a happy medium between the "too much," which in time exhausts the soil, and the "too little" that makes the arid plains.

In literature the rainfall has long been the symbol of benevolence in nature. For example, in the Old Testament, the books of which were written at a time when Palestine was a fairly well-watered country, the blessing for those who "walk in my statutes and keep my commandments" begins with, "I will give you rain in due season."

Corresponding is the penalty: "I will make your heaven as iron and your earth as brass." What figurative speech could give a better description of a drought?

Rain is referred to as welcome in nearly all literature. This partly explains why, in popular parlance, it is the dry time when "all signs fail."

TRANSIENT BEAUTY.

Each morn a thousand roses brings, you say,
Yes—but where leaves the rose of yesterday?
Omar Khayyam.

THE BRITISH BUDGET.

INCREASED taxes are never popular, and a responsible official who proposes them must prepare to encounter a storm of criticism. It is fortunate for the British ministry that it has, as Chancellor of the Exchequer, a man of too unyielding a temper to be swerved from the path of plain duty by fear of unpopularity.

"I ask for no cheers, and I expect none," said Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, when he faced the House of Commons after the Easter recess, and prepared to unfold his budget. "You have had your feast. You have all, Liberals and Tories, been mad for rioting and expenditure. Now comes the reckoning."

A large part of the burden of the war in South Africa must be shouldered upon posterity in the form of an increase of the national debt; but the chancellor intimated, his purpose that the present generation should bear its full share. To that end, he recommended an increase in the income tax, a duty on sugar and an export duty on coal, and Parliament promptly voted all three. There was grumbling, of course; the brewers and jam-makers did not like the duty on sugar, and the coal operators protested against the coal duty, but to no purpose.

The chancellor's impartiality shows itself in the distribution of these burdens. The income tax is a searching one. It strikes all incomes above one hundred and sixty pounds a year. It already took five per cent.; it now calls for nearly six per cent. As the chancellor dryly remarked, it is calculated to "bring home to the country the virtues of economy." The sugar duty is meant especially to reach the people who are not touched by the income tax—the great working masses; and the export duty on coal, in part at least, will come from the foreign consumer. Unpalatable as the budget was, there is a general disposition to concede that the chancellor dealt with his difficulties boldly and fairly.

FRAUDULENT DIVORCES.

THERE was agitation last month among certain transient residents in two or three states which are notorious for easy divorces, when it became known that the Supreme Court of the United States had pronounced invalid two divorce decrees procured by the migratory method.

The cases before the court involved several points, and the laws of more than one state were under interpretation; but the court clearly affirmed the principle that, to make a divorce decree valid, there must be actual residence of the person to whom it is granted within the state where it is issued; also, that what is called "constructive service" of the proceedings upon the absent party, by publication in the local papers, is not sufficient.

These decisions do not establish new principles, but they give the sanction of the highest tribunal to interpretations of the law already made by state courts. In several instances, persons who have acquired a brief and fictitious residence in another state for the purpose of getting a divorce have afterward been convicted of bigamy in the state of their real residence, in spite of such decrees. The national Constitution declares that each state shall give "full faith and credit" to the judicial proceedings of every other state but the courts of Massachusetts, New York and some other states draw the line at divorce decrees procured elsewhere by stealth and by fraudulent practices.

This action is well, so far as it goes, and the Supreme Court decisions fully sustain it; but there can be no real and lasting reform of such abuses short of uniform divorce laws throughout the country, and a rigorous enforcement of them in the interest of society and public morality.

"CANNED SUNSHINE."

AN English scientist has predicted that the valley of the Amazon will be the center of civilization in coming centuries, and that England and Scotland, most of Canada, and all New England, will become hunting-grounds, homes for elk and deer. Taking this as a starting-point, Dr. Edward Everett Hale whimsically demands that the Northern States begin to send their invalid wards to spend the winters in the sunny Southern States, instead of shutting them in close rooms, in gloomy institutions, and warming them with the "canned sunshine" that is stored in coal and wood.

There are obvious difficulties in the way of this amiable design; but, aside from the scientist's prediction and the clergyman's proposition, a curious suggestiveness lurks behind Doctor Hale's words. "Canned sunshine," which comes in various forms and takes many names, is truly indispensable; yet it is possible that some of us use too much of it.

This is the age of out-of-doors athletics, and physical reliance on coal and wood is the least of our offendings. In the region of the intellect, in the fields of knowledge, fancy, sentiment, reflection, are we not somewhat too dependent on the "canned sunshine" we find in books? The men who made the books sought their material at first hand. Even if other men, recorders of experience, may have supplied facts and figures, it remained for the masters to verify them by their own understanding of life, and charge them with the vitality of their overflowing minds.

One of the differences between genius and mediocrity is that genius takes nothing for granted. It goes to the top as well as to "the bottom of things," and explores all the space between. In so far, even we every-day folk may humbly follow it. We shall make a serious mistake if, instead of observing nature, we content ourselves with reading about her; or if, while weeping over a moving tale, we neglect to relieve the poor family in the next street. The mission of the masters is to show us the way of approach to nature and human nature—but their "canned sunshine" must be used to light, and not alone to warm. Wise men, and poets as well, are they who cherish the seeing eye, the meditative mind and the sympathetic heart.

TURNING HIS TALENT TO ACCOUNT.

MONSIEUR BRILLAT-SAVARIN, in his *Memoirs* of his time, gives the history of several of the French nobles who fled to England to escape the guillotine. Among those who found themselves penniless and without profession or craft by which to earn their bread was a Comte d'Albignac of old and noble family.

One day, while seated in a café in London, three or four young English noblemen sat down at a neighboring table to dine. Presently one of them came to him and said, "Monsieur, I have heard that all Frenchmen excel in making a salad. Will you do us the favor of mixing one for us?"

D'Albignac hesitated, but then gaily sat down with them and prepared the salad. He had great skill. The men ate with enthusiasm, and exchanged cards with him at parting. But one of them with the card pressed a sovereign into his hand.

D'Albignac trembled with rage, but a quick second thought kept him silent. He was a nobleman. None of his race had ever earned money. But why should he not earn money? He had this little art: why not use it to make his bread? Was it not more honorable than to live, as many of his fellow refugees were doing, on the charity of their friends? He bowed to the company and put the sovereign in his pocket.

The next day he was asked to go to a large mansion where a dinner-party was to be given, to dress the salads. His salads became the fashion. He was summoned to every large entertainment, and his skill enabled him to charge large sums. He remained in London for a few years, and then, with his savings, returned to France, bought a small estate in Limousin, resumed his rank, and lived comfortably for the rest of his life.

This little story touches upon a vital point of difference between our own and European social habits. No American, whatever his birth or income, feels himself degraded by earning money. The danger on our part is quite different. We are apt to forget that there is high and noble work to be done in the world which does not bring in money. Such work may well be undertaken by men whose income is assured. If more of them would give their time and effort to science or to politics instead of to the amassing of hoards which they do not need, the whole nation would grow stronger and purer.

RELICS WITH A HISTORY.

A RELIC of historic interest occasionally finds its way from Europe to the shores of this country.

A cottage in a Gaelic settlement in North Carolina held for years a pair of embroidered linen sheets, sacred in Jacobite eyes as having been used by Prince Charles Edward when he lodged at the castle of the MacDonalds at the time of his escape from his enemies.

Flora MacDonald, who, under the name of Flora MacIvor, figured as the heroine of Scott's novel, "Waverley," married and emigrated to this country, and brought these sheets with her. They remained in her possession until her death, and she was wrapped in them for burial, as she had previously requested.

A curious story is told of another historical relic which was brought to this country. It is interesting to Americans as illustrative of customs and beliefs so widely different from their own.

The clan MacNab, a warlike and powerful tribe who held an absolute faith in their traditions, lived from the earliest times in the glen of Inch-Buie. One of their traditions was that a holy man, St. Fillan, had come to the glen in the seventh century, converted their ancestors to Christianity, and taught them the arts of civilized life. Among these was the method of grinding corn, St. Fillan having built a mill with his own hands. The pivots of the wheels were kept, and were supposed, when placed in water, to convert it into an infallible medicine.

The crozier used by St. Fillan was kept by one family of the clan. The head of this family always acted as sheriff, and when going through the mountains in search of offenders, took the crozier with him as his warrant. This official was called Dewar, or Wanderer.

In the beginning of the nineteenth century the clan left the glen and scattered, some of the members to the Continent, some to this country.

A few years ago Sir Daniel Wilson, while hunting

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